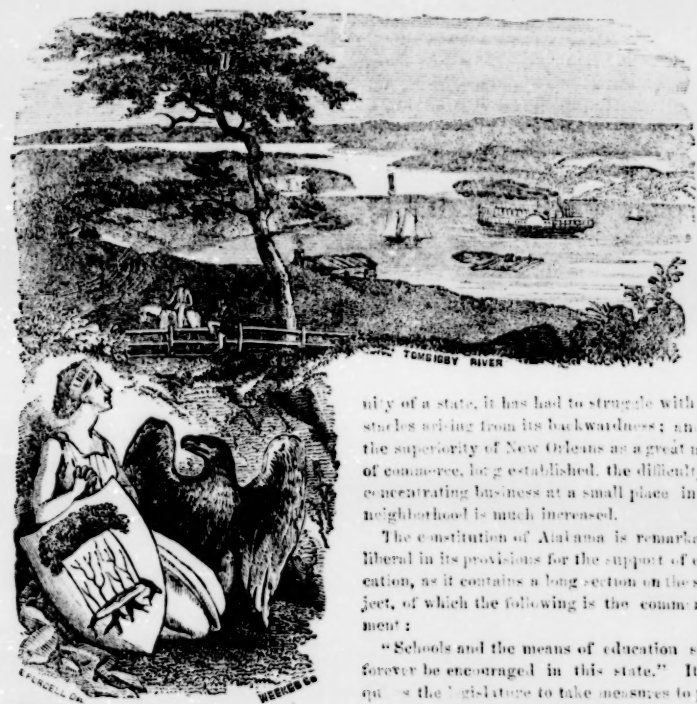




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(WHOLE NO. 224.)



ALABAMA.

From north to south Alabama occupies a tract of land three hundred and seventy miles long, and one hundred and seventy miles broad, containing forty-six thousand square miles. In 1860, the population was numbered at 771,650.

Alabama is situated in the valley of Tennessee, and the basin of Mobile, except its south-east and southwest angles. The southern part borders on the gulf of Mexico for the space of fifty or sixty miles, and is nearly covered with pines, and low and level. In the central part it is hilly and varied by prairies, and broken and somewhat mountainous in the north. The soil, in the northern portion of the state, is excellent; but in the southern, it is sandy and barren. The native trees in the northern and middle sections are black and white oak, hickory, poplar, cedar, chestnut, pine, mulberry, &c. The arable land of southern Alabama, may be found mostly on or near to the watercourses, and is called by two different names, alluvion and intermudate. The intermudate has a kind of soil between the open pine woods and the alluvial river-bottoms. Although it comprises the much greater part of the state, it is sterile. It abounds more in the southern than in the northern sections.

Alabama has a number of fine rivers, of which the Mobile is the principal. The Alabama is a very fine river, and is navigable to Calhoun, sixty miles above its junction, for vessels drawing six feet of water. At the mouth of the Cahawba, one hundred and fifty miles further, it has four or five feet of water, and in the shallowest places, to the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, the rivers by which it is formed, it is never less than three feet.

The Tombigbee is four hundred and fifty miles long, and is navigable for schooners to St. Stephens, one hundred and twenty miles, and for steamboats to Columbus, Mississippi. Indeed, it is desirable for the greater part of its course. It has a large branch which is called the Black Warrior. This river is navigable to Tuscaloosa. Another river, the Chatahochee, forms a boundary of Alabama; and the northern part is watered by the Tennessee.

When we consider the variety of surface, soil, and productions, in Alabama the extent of its navigable routes, and the facilities for commerce, together with the mildness of its climate, it might seem strange that it should so long have remained almost uncultivated and uninhabited, if we were not aware of the various unfavorable circumstances connected with its situation, in the early settlement of the country.

In 1802, Alabama was ceded to the United States by Georgia, and annexed to the Mississippi territory. In 1817, it was made a distinct territory, and on the 2nd of August, 1819, admitted as a free and independent state into the American Union.

Since Alabama has come into the possession of the United States, and has risen to the dig-

ity of a state, it has had to struggle with obstacles arising from its backwardness; and by the superiority of New Orleans as a great mart of commerce, long established, the difficulty of concentrating business at a small place in its neighborhood is much increased.

The constitution of Alabama is remarkably liberal in its provisions for the support of education, as it contains a long section on the subject, of which the following is the commencement:

"Schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged in this state." It requires the legislature to take measures to preserve the lands appropriated for the support of education, to supply the funds, &c. In consequence, therefore, the number is very large of common schools, academies and colleges. The income from the lands is devoted to the support of a university.

The Magic Box.

A house-keeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not what to do to get out of her difficulties.

After a time she bethought herself of a wise old hermit, who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her troubles, saying:

"Things go on badly enough, nothing prospers in doors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy old man—begged her to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time he brought out a curious looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year; but you must three times a day and three times at night, carry it into the kitchen, the cellar and stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it, that shortly you will find things improved. But be sure at the end of the year, to bring back the box. Now, farewell.

The good woman received the precious box with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of her beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, she found a maid making a supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered deep mire, the best cow standing, and the horse unburied, had hay instead of oats. So every day she discovered and corrected some new fault.

At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the magic box back to the hermit, and besought him to allow her to keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and I am sure all will be remedied."

The hermit smiled and replied, I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within you shall have. He opened the box and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:

"Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see."

ARRESTS FOR MURDER.

The Sumter (S. C.) *Watchman*, of the 8th inst., states that six negroes have been arrested on suspicion of having murdered the boy Charles, the property of Mr. Bradford, who was previously supposed to have been killed by the train running over him.

Chief Justice Taney is very feeble, and it is feared that he may not be able to resume his duties in the Supreme Court.

Ballad.

BY HENRY.

A maiden sat on the lonely beach,
Her soul her gentle eye;
The sea breeze sang her low sweet song,
And she forgot her grief;
Her grief broke forth in a plaintive wail,
"O, where art thou, my love?"
"I was there I heard her cry—
"North or south, I'll find and die."
And she sang forth her love and life.

I gazed on the maiden's flushing cheek,
And her brow so fair and bright,
And I sighed to know that the clouds of care,
Were shading her heart's light;
But she thought of her country's need and woe,
While she clung to her simple life—
"North or south, I'll find and die—
"Till I see a quiet life."

And months passed on, and again I found
The maiden's smiling face;
Still, above the waves, the song arose,
I had heard in days of yore;
The four days stood in the maiden's eye,
And I found her love and life—
"North or south, I'll find and die—
And there must pass away."

She's sleeping now on a lowly bed,
Above the deep blue waves;
The words that played with her when she was young,
Are singing over her grave;
The girl's shell seems and the ocean's pulses
Seem now a funeral tone;
The bells reach the last sad strain—
Sigh of the exile home.

The Lamp of a Thousand Years.

BY REV. C. G. MULLER.

In this world of light and shadow,
In this world of dark and bright,
When each heart compasses of shadows,
While it should be full of light;
Christen's promise needs to be
Lessons in the school of life,
And the lamp that brightly burns
Teaches thought in wisdom's life.

Soft and steady is its burning,
Light and joy around it thrown,
Though the lamp, thus ever glowing,
Makes no effort of its own.
By another's hands 'tis lighted,
As the evening shades come on,
And in blessing the benighted
Is its short existence gone.

Friend, would you are, be burning,
Shed around your steady ray,
Shed the light of your burning,
Grief to joy and night to day,
You be more, the without measure
Who eternal ages steady
Let it be your highest pleasure
To be spent in doing good.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY T. L. DURHAM.

—Et jam non humilis celsi
Præcipit suadentque celsitudo sidera somno,
[Tr. Ed. H. S.]
Now twilight dim the sky disperses,
And setting stars invite to sleep.

The sun has finished his course in the heavens, and hastens to be gone; "his chariot wheels seem to hover on the utmost verge of the sky," ready to sink in the western sea. The mountains, the tops of groves and lofty towers bathe in the last smiles of day. Such profound silence has stolen upon the world that echo itself sleeps without a sound, except the lone phylomel that lifts its voice upon the hills, and the song of the nightingale that is heard in the grove.

Now silent night, with her solemn bird and her fair moon and the gems of heaven her stary train, present to the studious mind scenes that inspire sacred meditation. The moon, the queen of heaven, and the glory of the stars, rises in "clouded majesty," throwing the soft splendor of her light upon hill and dale as she high and higher climbs the steep blue vault of heaven.

All nature now again is displayed,
But in much softer charms array'd.

The glories of the moonlight scenery is beautifully described in the following verses, translated from Homer:

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud obscures the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tips with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the valleys; the rocks in prospect rise;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies."

The stars also are advancing in their glitter.

ing train, lighting up their lamps in the distant fields of ether; and invite the soul to rise on rapid wing from the earth to trace the footsteps of its Creator in the stary plains of heaven. The planetary world, though greatly varying their "day-the-dances," revolve in their respective orbits in harmonious order, without any diminution or increase of the regular time of their periodical revolutions. All of which are with reason supposed to have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, with accommodations for animal support, and the phases of intellectual life. And every star that is visible is supposed to be not only a world, but also the centre of a magnificent system, composing a realm of worlds, all which are lost to mortal sight in the boundless wilds of ether.

The imagination can describe no limits to the extension of the Almighty's Kingdom. "Could you soar beyond the moon, and pass all the planetary choir; could you wing your way to the highest apparent star, and take your stand on one of these loftiest pinpoints of heaven; you would then see other skies extended; another sun discharging his inexhaustible beams by day; other stars that gild the honors of alternate night; and other perhaps nobler systems, established, in unknown profusion through the boundless dimensions of space. Nor does the dominion of the universal Sovereign terminate there. Even at the end of this vast tour, you would find yourself advanced no further than the suburbs of creation; arrived only at the frontier of the great Jehovah's kingdom."

If the works of the great Creator be so vast and unlimited as to produce such emotions of astonishment and wonder in the minds of his creatures, how great then must He himself be, who has planned and performed such mighty works! Exalted above all praise, He sits upon a throne of uncreated glories, encircled with the train of morning stars that sing creation's dawn, and looks down from his lofty habitation and "sees the summit of creation in a vale."

Dr. Franklin on Death.

We have lost a most dear and valuable relative. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embryo state; a preparation for living. A man is not complete y born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortality? a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits! That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of aid, become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains, and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer. Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever—His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

It is a pity that some of the Chinese customs are not adopted by the outside barbarians. For instance, in China people don't shake each other's hands; each shakes his own. The adoption of this sensible practice would save many aching shoulder joints, to say nothing of the good it would do in clogging the propagating of skin diseases.

DEATH OF JUDGE TARPLEY.

A despatch from Jackson, Miss., states that Judge Tarpley died Thursday of pneumonia. Judge Tarpley has long occupied a conspicuous place among the first lawyers of Mississippi, and his death leaves a void in his profession that cannot be easily filled.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.
DAVENPORT FEMALE COLLEGE.
This College is situated in the beautiful village of Lenoir, Collier County, North Carolina—a village justly celebrated for health, and romantic beauty of scenery.

The commencement exercises were held on Monday the 25th, and ended on the evening of Wednesday the 27th inst. The several classes were closely examined in the presence of a large audience—and the results were all honorable to the students and faculty, and highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the Institution. The walls of the Chapel were adorned with numerous and beautiful specimens of oil and Greek painting, evidences of the skill and taste of the young ladies. The musical exhibition on Monday night was very fine—and to be excelled, we think, by the students of any other College in the State. The compositions of the Junior and Senior Classes deserve commendation. They furnished conclusions, proof that their fair authors had been taught to think—to think well—and to express their thoughts in language chaste, elegant, and appropriate. "Why stand ye idle?" "All is not gold that glitters," etc. "The Youth of the Nineteenth Century" would grace the pages of the Home Circle, the best magazine of its class in the United States.

Rev. H. M. Neal, A. M., who is eminently qualified for the position he occupies as President and Professor of Mental and Moral Science and English Literature, is aided by an efficient corps of teachers, among whom we were pleased to find Rev. H. A. Bass, A. B., Professor of Mathematics and Ancient Languages.

Far removed from the excitement and temptations of large towns and cities—in one of the most healthy sections of our land—in the midst of a religious and prosperous community, all of whom are deeply interested in its welfare—entirely free from debt, and numbering among its devoted friends some of the most intelligent, wealthy, and influential gentlemen in that portion of the State, this College has not only proved a decided success, but bids fair to become one of the most popular and useful institutions of learning within the bounds of our Conference. The friends of Spartanburg, Carolina, and Columbia must be diligent, or their sister Davenport will win the crown.

W. H. FLEMING, } Visiting
MILES PUCKER, } Com.
A. McCONTOURABLE }

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF SLAVES.

The day before the steamer Spaulding, with the Massachusetts delegation to the Charleston convention, arrived in Boston, a negro named William Brock, crawled from the coal banks of the steamer in search of food and water. He said he was free, but the captain, doubting his statement, altered his course, and intercepting the steamer Benjamin DeFord, bound to Baltimore, transferred the fugitive to that vessel.

The Charleston Courier of the 8th inst., says that the schooner Julia Ann, Capt. Harding, which sailed from that port on Sunday for Philadelphia, returned on Monday afternoon. On Sunday, about 6 p. m., off Camp Runnin, Capt. Harding having cause to go into a berth in his cabin not generally occupied, discovered a negro man snugly covered over with a mattress. The negro at first claimed to be free, but after finding that dodge did not take with the Captain, confessed he was the property of W. J. Magrath, Esq., of Charleston.

MOREHEAD CITY.

The editor of the Beaufort Journal paid a visit to this new city a few days since, and he noticed many evidences of improvement.

"New buildings are continually going up, old ones are being renovated, and everything betokens a gradual, but healthy advance upon the road to prosperity.

"We were gratified to learn that our friend Guess is about erecting a large addition to the 'Macon House,' and that he will have it in readiness for the summer business. Success to every enterprise, calculated to further the material interests of this harbor.

"The stores of Messrs. Webb and Moore gave evidence of the prosecution of quite a large and flourishing business. These gentlemen seem determined to test the practicability of building up an extensive and profitable trade at Morehead City. This is only a question of time and success is sure to result.

Daniel Worth in New York.

As was anticipated by most persons when Judge Bailey reduced the bonds of Rev. Daniel Worth, he has fled from the State and is now in New York making an exhibition of his martyred self, and appealing to the friends of freedom to foot the bills of his bonds. We have not one word to say about his escape or his efforts to raise the amount to free him from his bonds; but it ought to be expected from a minister of the Gospel to tell the truth, and not to flatter.

On his arrival in New York, the following notice was suddenly made public:

"THE REV. DANIEL WORTH.—This martyr of freedom has arrived in this city. After being tried twice, convicted of circulating four copies of Helper's Impending Crisis, and sentenced in each indictment to twelve months imprisonment, he obtained bail in the sum of \$3,000. He has come to the North to tell the story of his wrongs, describe the situation of the South at this crisis, and obtain material aid to effect his release."

In answer to this call, the New York Herald says: "The audience numbered about five hundred persons, and embraced a liberal sprinkling of ladies, negroes and abolitionists generally."

After the meeting was organized the chairman made a speech eulogizing Mr. Worth, and vilifying the South with the lowest epithets, and concluded by introducing Rev. Daniel Worth. We copy the address, as reported in the New York Herald, because it shows how Mr. Worth is capable of representing North his martyrdom in North Carolina.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I am here to-night, agreeably to announcement; though, had it not been so briefly made, I have no doubt I should have had the pleasure of addressing a much larger audience than the one before me. I am here, striving to redeem the promise which has been made to you in regard to myself and things connected with my mission as a minister in the South. It is now some five months since I have heard scarcely a sound except the oaths epithets and blasphemy resounding around the prison in which I was incarcerated, and I fear, therefore, from being out of the practice of speaking, that you will be disappointed in the effort I shall make while striving in my simple way to present the facts of my case.

In commencing my narrative I shall go back a little. As you will find by reference to the map, North Carolina is surrounded by slaveholding States, besides being one herself; and yet a strong feeling of anti-slavery once existed throughout the State—the seeds sown by the Quakers who settled there a number of years ago. When about eighteen years of age—for I am a native of North Carolina—I was myself engaged in an anti-slavery movement which was tolerably well received, and there are these in this audience who are in possession of documents which were promulgated there and contain as ultra anti-slavery truths as are to be found in the book of my friend, Hinton Rowan Helper. A few years back ministers were sent into this country at the request of the people. Two or three went there and succeeded most admirably preaching truths in regard to the subject which sank deep into the hearts of the people. This success, however, aroused the envy of religious professors, men who professed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, while they sold mothers and their babes on the auction block, and a persecution was commenced which resulted in their being driven from the country by a mob. Some of these went to the free States, but a few still remained, and the majority of the people signifying their wish that a minister of the gospel should take charge of them and be their spiritual guide and teacher, I was selected to go because I was a native of the South, and would be likely to conciliate many of the radical prejudices existing in that section. I received an appointment from the American Missionary Association, whose headquarters are in this city, and went laboring nearly two years in the cause of Christ, and would probably have still been laboring but for the unfortunate circumstances connected with John Brown's raid upon Harper's Ferry. In commencing my work I was perfectly aware of the jealousy with which I should be regarded by Southerners, and I accordingly formed a plan of operation. This was simply to stand entirely aloof from the colored population, especially the slaves, and I do not know that even rumor in the South has ever charged me with holding private conversation with a slave while in that country. If so, it would have charged falsely. When in the congregation I inculcated those doctrines best adapted to the present circumstances, urged upon the slaves the importance of obedience, quietness, suffering, and a determination to do right. I sometimes told them that their case was a hard one but that it was best for the present to yield to the present and to show themselves capable of those virtues which adorn the human character. And I do not know that it was charged, either by the witnesses or the attorneys who conducted the prosecution against me, that I had spoken of or placed tracts in the hands of a single colored person in the State. The result of all this was that the work in which I was engaged commenced to revive. The old ashes glowed again, and I was blessed with that gracious prospect which always animates the heart of the Christian minister on seeing the sinners of their flock awakened to a sense of their danger. After being there a short time I made a communication to the American Missionary Association stating the result of my labors. The congregation was very large, and I recognized, after an absence of thirty-five years only four persons whom I formerly knew. I told them that in addition to the ordinary classification of congregations in the North, which we in general terms called "saints and sinners," there was a class of persons in Carolina called "chattels," and that these chattels seemed to think, act, watch and listen to the words of exhortation and teaching as though they supposed themselves human beings, and had human souls like other persons. Shortly after this Rev. George McNeil editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian, hailing from the old town of Fayetteville, sent me a copy of his paper, containing an article headed "An Abolition Emissary." The article then went on to say that I had been sent into the country by the American Missionary Society, which was the misnomer for an association composed of a band of cutthroats who had leagued themselves together to spill the blood and spread de-cadation through the South. The editor deemed it a duty to send a document he had obtained in reference to the society to the Solicitor for the Fourth Circuit, and hoped a prosecution would be at once commenced against the individual, at the same time expressing the hope that the individual would see this notice and fly from the State. The paper was addressed to me as a sort of hint to leave. This is the same religious editor who has been stirring this matter again and again since its first inception, and it is the religious element of the South generally that is adding fuel to these flames and keeping alive the spirit of rancor which animates almost the entire community.

They gathered their evidence. The necessary documents were obtained through some friends here, and such was the anxiety to get me, that a certain Judge, who would be denominated in the North a "fire eater," issued his warrant from the city of Raleigh, returnable in not less than four counties where I was officiating, and gave so little time to carry out the process that two of the Sheriffs got it after the return day, and one of the others got it so near the return day that he couldn't execute it. It seems that there was a kind Providence in this matter; for had I been taken to the city of Raleigh it would doubtless have fared much worse with me than it did. Hearing there was a process out for me, I got into my buggy, rode to the town of Greensboro, and surrendered myself to the Sheriff. The preliminary examination took place. Two charges were made against me—one of speaking words calculated to make the population uneasy, and the other of circulating a book of an incendiary character. The examination took place before three magistrates. I concluded to defend myself, and made a speech which they said was a regular abolition harangue. I quoted from Mr. Helper's book the language of Thomas Jefferson, and then told them that if I were a religious slave, believing in the religion of the old and new Testament, I knew of nothing to excite me sooner to take up arms and rebel than the language of the old patriot. Let me repeat it. He says in relation to slavery, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just; but his justice will not sleep forever." And then, referring to the probability of a slave insurrection, "in case of a conflict between the slave and his master, God Almighty has no attribute which can take part with the slaveholder in such a contest." (Applause.) I told them I was arraigned there for holding sentiments dangerous to the community. If this be the case, said I, I want to tell you that I derived these sentiments when a boy from such men as Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and your own William Gaston; and if you want to punish me for them, do as some of the despotic governments of Europe have done, when a man was too successful and died unwieldy of justice. They would sometimes dig up his bones and hang them on the gallows in testimony of their disapprobation. It was done, I believe, with the bones of Cromwell, and I know it was done with the bones of Wickliffe, and if you will go to the tomb at Mount Vernon and dig up the sacred remains of George Washington, and then make a requisition for me I will be on hand. (Applause.) One of the Magistrates here made the remark that "Tom Jefferson had said and taught a great deal of tomfoolery during his lifetime which he would be ashamed of now." I opened my mouth to ask him if the Declaration of Independence was not a piece of that tomfoolery, but I remembered the place and held my peace. (Applause.) My bonds were put at \$15,000—\$5,000 more than those of a diabolical wife murderer who was arrested about that time, and was in the same prison with me, and who, I discovered, did not think he was near as guilty as I was myself. So it was with others there. To have sentiments in favor of human liberty reduces you below the worst criminal in the land. I wish to present to you the law on this subject. The reverend gentleman then quoted the law in reference to the introduction and circulation of incendiary works in the State of North Carolina. The law states that if any person shall bring into the State with the intent to circulate, or shall aid or abet in the circulation within the State of any written or printed book, pamphlet or paper, whether printed in or out of the State, the evident tendency of which is to cause the slaves to become discontented with their bondage in which they are held, and the free negroes to be dissatisfied with their political position, and thereby cause them to become rebellious, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and shall be imprisoned for not less than one year, and shall be put in the pillory and whipped. This is the law for punishing

what are termed insurrectionary documents. There is another law which provides punishment for the circulation of incendiary spoken words. It says that if any person shall endeavor, by words, to excite the slaves or free negroes to resist the authority which deny them particular privileges, such person shall receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, and be imprisoned; and for the second offence the penalty is death. This is a charge for which I have not yet been tried, but for which I may yet be made to suffer unless I can be delivered in the meantime. This is the plain sense of the law. But what is the construction put upon this law in North Carolina? The book a few copies of which I sold, and for which I was subsequently arrested, was not addressed to the colored people. No slave nor colored person ever saw it. It was only intended for the white people. Therefore there was no just reason for such an indictment as was issued against me. A man could not be brought up and arraigned for tampering with slaves or free people of color by the sale of books when he never addressed them on the subject at all. If it had been stated in the law that non-slaveholding white people were to be included in the category among those who should not be permitted to see or read the prohibited documents, then the indictment would stand. But this is not the construction put on the law in the South. Every effort was made to apply the law in my case and to fix the full penalty upon me. I have good reason, too, for knowing that even the Judge himself told the prosecutor, "You have prosecuted that old man enough." They even tried to get a little corporal punishment added to my sentence. It was the same Judge who tried both cases for the circulation of the book, and he sentenced me to one year's imprisonment, but did not do any further. He said that he did not wish to add to my anguish by inflicting corporal punishment, and would content himself and the law by simply imprisonment. I mention this to show you what an excellent man he was who sat on the bench. But yet in construing the law as to the alleged culpability of circulating a work among white men, which it was only intended to be kept out of the way of slaves and free negroes, he said that it was not necessary that a slave or free negro should even see a copy. He held that it was sufficient to circulate the offense if it were brought into the State and given into the hands of white men. Such being the case, and amid the excitement that prevailed on the second occasion of my trial, the jury did not take more than fifteen minutes to convict.

What, I inquired of my jailor, would be said if the great apostle Paul could now arise from his rest of hundreds of years, and appear in North Carolina, should say once more his memorable words—"If thou mayest be free, use thy liberty rather." If he were to come here, said the jailor in reply, and said so, calling himself Daniel Worth, we would hang him higher than Haman. I could have given bail, but I sought the security of bolts and prison bars. I felt more secure in a double grated cell than I would anywhere else at that time and in that place. The fact is, that if I had been outside the prison of Greensboro I would have lost my life through the violence of a mob. So I remained there during the winter and until recently, for the purpose of meeting and encountering this trial. In respect to the interpretation of the law by the other Judge, I would have no hope at all; for on one occasion there was a small community of Christians in North Carolina, who opened a place of worship, but adopted as their bond of union that they could not hold communion with those who sanctioned the sin of slavery. The fact having been brought before this Judge, he charged the jury that it was their duty to indict every one who worshipped under that bond, and they were in fact indicted, and if they had performed another act of worship they would all doubtless have been liable to death. Suppose it had been Judge Saunders instead of Judge Bailey who had tried my case, what punishment could I then have expected; nothing but imprisonment and the whipping post, and on the second offense the visitation of death. Do you speak of the despotism of Austria and of Napoleon? You need not travel over the great waters to find despotism, for if this is not true despotism then there is no use of that word being any longer in our vocabulary. That is the law in North Carolina, sustained by the judges and ministers of the church. While I was in prison I saw another effect of these slave laws. I saw a poor boy brought into the prison covered with wounds and lacerated in a truly lamentable manner. What he was brought here for? Inquired of the jailor. His answer was, that the boy was brought there to be healed of his wounds, as he was not then in a fit condition for the market. The son of an old Quaker had him in custody, and after some days he came in with a pair of handcuffs to put on the boy and take him away; but they were too large for his hands, and he had to take them away to a smith to be altered. Again he came, and yet the handcuffs were too large. I said—for I knew him well—"Friend Hinchshaw, do you not find this man trade a pretty troublesome one?" "Oh," said he, "this world is a troublesome world, anyway." (Laughter.) I had a great mind to remind him that there were other worlds, one of which was infinitely superior to this, and another which was infinitely worse. To resume, I was put in prison in North Carolina. My friends somehow found out that I was there, for I dared not write, and in two months I lost fifty pounds of flesh, for

I was a very stout man. The stench of that horrible sky was enough, indeed, to break down the constitution of the strongest man. But I was not a debtor, and therefore had to be kept in the felon's cell. My own representations and those of my friends were of no avail, until at length public sympathy operated on the Sheriff, and he removed me into another place.

I observe that a paper in Connecticut has said that it is a strange thing that a man convicted and sent to prison in North Carolina, should yet be present in New York. He does not understand that there are two appeals put in by my counsel to the Supreme Court which virtually keeps the case still open; and my judge had put my bail much lower than I could well have expected from any judge of that State. Two slaveholders are my "bondsmen" on each of the cases—(loud applause)—and of one of them I can say that if any man were unlawfully to put his hands on my person in his presence, he would risk his own life in my defence. (Tremendous cheering.) It is a proof that I have not offended everybody who holds this so-called property. These men may in fact be counted in on the side of human liberty. (Applause.) I have as good friends among the slaveholders of North Carolina as I have anywhere. (Renewed applause.) The free-riding democrats are my great prosecutors; and the whole matter has assumed a political aspect. They were trying to make capital out of the affair, just like Henry A. Wise out of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, in trying to show that William H. Seward and everybody else were concerned in it. It is much like the capital that Clark of Mississippi, made out of the Hepler Book. It is said that Hepler ought to do a good thing for Clark, for so extensively advertising his work and causing it to be so immensely circulated, and according to others he should do something for myself. But this act he has already performed, for he handed me fifty dollars this afternoon. (Applause.) There are few men better known in Louisiana, and there is great excitement there about me. In consequence, my case must be more and more investigated, and as a result of all the agitation, I can state, on good authority, that no less than 500 democrats in those States have gone over to the republican party. (Applause.) A minister in North Carolina recently wrote me to stand firmly and bravely in the midst of my troubles. He says he remembers me in his prayers always, and so do hundreds of others. This is a man who scarcely ever spoke of slavery before; but now he speaks out forcibly and uncompromisingly, and when told that he ran the risk of being imprisoned like me, openly declared that he would feel no greater pleasure than in being put in the same cell that I occupied. Men are not cowards everywhere; but when the occasion arises to try true courage, Luther, Melancthon, Hoopers, Riddleys, Rodgers, Latimers and Cranmers will spring up to emulate those great martyrs for liberty. A sister from the west has written me that the excitement about me has led more people to hear of the Hepler Book than would ever know that it was published under other circumstances. The democratic Postmaster in Richmond is selling them by hundreds. James Buchanan ought to take some notice of that. (Laughter and applause.) They have tried to put down the book, but they have instead put it up higher than ever. I will now simply state that I am bound in the South for three thousand dollars. Before leaving there, I wrote to friends in this section to ascertain whether they thought I could raise enough here to save this old body from dying in a felon's cell, and these ears from the vilest imprecations from the vilest people on earth, for I have lain on my back in Greensboro jail with the palms of my hands pressed close against my head, to shut out the horrible curses that fell upon the air. My friends have said to me, "Come North, and we will try to raise this money." I am here, and now I leave my cause in your hands. I told you that a slaveholder was on each bond. But let me say to their credit that neither of them has said one word to me concerning my movements. They believe I will come back, and, my friends, I shall go, or send the money that remunerates them for paying my forfeit. (Great applause.) Some person asked one of these slaveholders if he was not afraid that man Worth would go back, and never come back? "No," said my friend, "and if he does not, my slaves are more expensive than they are worth, and I'll sell niggers to pay the old man's bond." (Cheers.) A voice—"Good for him!" The reverend speaker, after some further remarks, said that he would here rest, while other matters were being attended to.

A collection was then taken up, amounting to \$154 25, and it was announced that Mr. Worth would be present at the meeting of the Anti Slavery Society at the Cooper Institute to-day.

The Chairman said that it had been represented in a morning paper that they had forgotten to mention at Dr. Cheever's church last night that the persons who had given bonds were slaveholders. It was not forgotten, that was known by the manner in which Mr. Worth referred to it to-night. What did they think of the character for integrity of that man who had been treated as Mr. Worth had by these slaveholders? It was unimpaired. Then what could they think of laws which put such worthy men in prison, and among such associates as he has been imprisoned with?

A gentleman who gave his name as A. PERRY SPERRY, then rose to the audience, and requested permission to ask a few questions of the speaker. Being granted the privilege, he ascended the platform and spoke as follows: Mr. President, I am entirely unused to public speak-

ing, and I merely come up here to-night for the privilege of asking Mr. Worth a few plain questions, to be answered as plainly. Mr. Worth was born and brought up in my county. The Rev. Daniel Worth knew when he came there to circulate Helper's book that he was violating a law of the State. Now, gentlemen: knowing this law, and considering the treatment he received, I want him to give us justice, and say in all fairness if we have not treated him as well as we could. Slaveholders have gone his bonds to free him from the whipping post and prison; and I say that, although in your anniversary meetings you speak against us harshly, there is some kindness left in the hearts of slaveholders. ("That's so," and loud enthusiastic applause.) I also say, in the presence of Mr. Worth, and before him, that I went myself to Sheriff Boone. Mr. Worth knows his name, and offered him a dollar to buy Mr. Worth a breakfast one morning. (Great applause.) I am a fair man, and honest in my opinions and views of the Southern people; and I think Mr. Worth will agree with me, that the majority of the better class of the intelligent people of our State only want to be let alone on this slavery question. We want you to let us alone. (Cries of "We won't let you alone.") We want you to let us alone. ("We won't.") Then it is fight to the death. ("Go in!") We must be let alone. ("We won't do it.") Great confusion. Cries of hear, hear, hear him. A gentleman in the audience asked if a person in North Carolina could have this privilege of free speech granted him. [Finally, quiet was restored.] I will ask the question I wish to after I have answered this question. I am asked if a person in North Carolina would have the same privilege extended to him that is granted to me here? I will answer in all candor, no—our laws forbid it. [Hisses and applause, the former preponderating.]

A Voice.—Repeal your laws! [Great confusion.] The President rose and said:—Gentlemen, in New York, we hear North Carolina, or any body else from any place. [Applause, and a cry, "Not so in North Carolina."] Order being restored the speaker proceeded. We forbid, for the same reason that you would forbid me causing a horse to run away in the street for the damage it would do. It would draw men there, like John Brown, to put pikes into the hands of our negroes to cut our throats.

MR. LOUIS TAPPAN rose to a point of order. The gentleman said he wished to ask a few questions; but instead of that, he is going to make a speech. [Cries of "Go on," "Go on, North Carolina," "Free speech the world over!"]

MR. SPERRY.—All I want is a fair showing. If the gentleman does not wish to hear me I will quit. That is my doctrine everywhere and anywhere. (Cries of "Go on.") In answer to the question, I intended to say that our laws forbid it, but I will say further, that Rev. Mr. Worth has a right to go into stores or into our parlors and argue the question with slaveholders, but not in the presence of colored people, or in colored assemblies where people have a right to go. [Cries "That's not so!"]

MR. WORTH.—That is a mistake. The courts have differently decided.

MR. SPERRY.—Now, one of the questions I wished to ask the Rev. Mr. Worth, was in regard to his treatment while in jail, by the citizens of Greensboro. Another was, why he did not get somebody else besides slaveholders to go his bonds; and another is, how he got to the borders of the State?

MR. WORTH.—I will answer. He wanted to know if I did not, as a magistrate, know that the book was contrary to the laws of North Carolina. I answer no. In regard to the discussion in parlors and stores, I have only to say that there is no liberty to discuss the question at all. The gentleman said he paid the Sheriff a dollar to get me a warm breakfast. If he had given me the dollar I could have got it, but as it is I never heard anything about the breakfast or the dollar. [Loud laughter.] He asked me next if the citizens of Greensboro did not treat me well. All the means I had of knowing was through Sheriff Boone, who told me I could not walk the street without being exposed to the fury of a mob. In regard to the question concerning whether slaveholders did not become my sureties, I have already publicly stated that fact. As to the last question, how I got out of the State, I think that no business of the gentleman. It is a matter best known to myself. [Applause and laughter.] Is the gentleman satisfied with my answers?

MR. SPERRY.—Yes; all but the last.

MR. WORTH then made the following closing remarks:—I used to be asked why I did not go down South, with my preaching. When you wish to have a weight that you cannot lift with your hands, you take a long lever, and thus you are enabled to raise it. Now the North is the lever that we can use to move the South. Who give the South the slave prisons, for which the money of the nation is appropriated? Your Northern representatives. The South never had the power to do it themselves. Who passes the Fugitive Slave laws? The North does it. It does not follow that you must go as near as you can get to the thing you wish to operate upon. I have seen fires in this city, but they do not run the fire engine clear into the house that is burning to put out the flames. [Laughter.] They go a distance off and throw the stream of water upon it, and that puts out the fire. They ask me in the North, why do you not go down South where the sinners are? What is the use of travelling miles to find sinners, when I can find worse ones close here? The most guilty men are in the North. A silver dollar is hard to look

through. But those that have asked me have said, "Aye, you know better than to go down South. They would hang you." And I tell them they have given a very good reason. I will tell you a little anecdote; something that took place yesterday at a Plymouth church. There were some gentlemen standing together as I came out. I said, "I feel glad to breathe this air of liberty—I am just from a Southern prison." "Why," says one of them, "it's your own fault. If a man will go among mad bulls, he must expect to be horned. You ought to have kept away from there." "You think so," said I. "Certainly." What a pity it is he did not live earlier in the world. Says Paul, "And, now, behold I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." What a pity that Paul should go to Jerusalem. Now the world is full of just such men as that. Their noses I suppose count as other men's; but their moral weight is nothing. Where would have been religion without the influence of hundreds that have martyred themselves for its sake; but for those men that have laid bodies—yes, gone to the stake? I will relate one short anecdote and then I will close. Years ago a little fugitive piece, by Mrs. Childs, fell into my hands, relating to the history of Rome. When Romulus laid out the plan of the city, there came a great earthquake which opened a yawning chasm, sending forth misadventure, death, dissolution, and threatening the destruction of the city. They went to the soothsayers, augurs and oracles to inquire the reason that the gods were angry with them. They received the answer that before the chasm would cease to extend there must be cast into it the most valuable thing in Rome. It is represented that one Quintus Curtius, one who had often led the armies of Rome to triumph, was seen going towards the chasm. He was seated on his war horse in full armor, and he came on spurring his horse, and, arriving at the chasm, he leaped over the precipice, crying, "Nothing is more valuable than honor and virtue." The chasm immediately closed up and Rome was safe. Of course this was nothing but a fiction. But slavery has dug a vast chasm in this government, and from its dark waters come death and death dealing misadventure. What will close this chasm up? I see, says Mrs. Childs, a band of fallen men and women, despised by the world, going towards that chasm. What are they expecting to do? They come to it and in they plunge. As one sinks in the abyss directly there goes in another, and when enough have gone in, when the most valuable things of the land are thrown into it, finally it is filled up and closed, and all can walk over it. I threw myself in that chasm. I have been in it. I have been one of the fallen band that have sprung into its depths, and I am not ashamed of it. [Loud and long applause.]

LITERATURE.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

A very great blessing it is indeed that a person is capable of thinking and of communicating his thoughts to others. It is from this interchange of thoughts that we derive very much of our earthly enjoyments. Without the intellectual faculties necessary to think and to communicate our thoughts, man would be a far more inferior being than he is, and the enjoyments of life would be valueless and devoid of interest, and even Nature, itself, would fail to arouse that lively appreciation of the beautiful and sublime, which the cultivated mind enjoys, and would utterly fail to fill the soul of man with inspiration. What a desolate creature man would be! How deplorable would be his lot! Literature, the typified representation of thought, would be unknown, and the pleasures and enjoyment which it affords would be entirely deprived of. But happily man is endowed with these faculties and these powers; and every country has been and is making additions to the world's Literature. By means of these endowments and the Literature of other countries, the means of knowing what has transpired and what is transpiring all over the world are placed in our hands. We are enabled to study and acquaint ourselves with the thoughts of those who have long since departed for the homes of their fathers. We can compare their thoughts with the thoughts of the learned, the gifted and the good of our own times, mark the changes which Time has wrought, select the better from the baser, and profit by it. It is by knowing the errors and follies, as well as the merits and noble qualities of those who have preceded us, that we are enabled to avoid a repetition of those errors and follies, and to profit by their instruction.

Vast, indeed, is the world's literary storehouse; countless are the many volumes both good and bad which rest upon its shelves. It would require a modern Methuselah to read even the titles of them. It, therefore, becomes a matter of considerable moment to readers, generally, to know which books are the most useful and which they can most profitably spend their time in reading. It is quite difficult to lay down any general rule which will be applicable to every case. But it appears to me that our reading should tend to two points: first and paramount to all other considerations it should be of that character which will prepare the soul to properly commune with its Creator and for the enjoyment of that blissful future life which is promised to the faithful and the good-like; and secondly, that which directly tends to elevate and ennoble the mind of man; and to prepare him for a faithful discharge of

the duties, and an appreciation of the pleasures of life. And there is necessarily no conflict between these two classes of reading, because a person may enjoy much of the real pleasures of this life and still perform his duty to his God. In fact, he cannot properly perform his duty to his God, unless he properly appreciates the pleasures of this life. I mean those pleasures that are of an intellectual and elevating character.

It should be the aim of readers to select those books which combine the highest degrees of merit both intrinsically and artistically. This class of books always delights while it instructs. And while the mind is pleased it is more susceptible of receiving and retaining impressions. This can be very easily tested. Read Marshall's Life of Washington and then read Irving's Life of the same great man. The style of the former is dry and labored, and the mind soon becomes tired of the work while the beauty of the style of the latter lends an additional charm to the interesting narrative, and we grow more and more pleased with the work as we proceed; and the reader remembers much more of what he has been reading in the latter than in the former case.

I have been induced to make these reflections by the examination of several splendid volumes which now lie before me. The first one is *Gold's Emblems*; or, invisible things understood by things that are made. This work was written by Christian Scriver at Madgeburg, in 1671, and has ever since been one of the standard devotional works in Germany. It was translated by the Rev. Robert Menzies from the twenty-eighth German edition. As a devotional work there is nothing in our language that will compare with it. The "Invitation of Christ" by A. Kempis is the nearest approach to it that I have ever met. It has long occupied the position in German devotional literature which Baxter's "Saints Rest" has occupied in English literature. The author in his Address to the Reader states his object in writing this book,—"My object was to make the creature converse with thee, or rather to expound and interpret their secret language,—and, according to my poor ability, show how all kinds of objects, incidents, and events, may be made to remind thee of thy God, and to promote thy comfort and youth in Christianity." It is composed of two hundred and five brief meditations upon many of the most common incidents, events, and things in life and nature, written in the most pure and artless style, yet it is filled with many of the most precious thoughts which the mind of man ever conceived. There is not a pedantic or commonplace thought in it. It is a book which will do the soul good to read. Not only is it one of the most precious volumes which I possess, but it is one of the most perfect specimens of typographical excellence that I ever saw. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the style in which it is published. I wish it God speed, and that every one of my readers would read it. Published by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington street, Boston.

The same publishers have just issued a new and revised edition of *Christ in History*, by Rob. Turnbull, D.D. In determining the position of "Christ in History," the author takes the incarnation on the central or turning point in the history of Mankind, and attempts to show how all the forces of society converge around it, how all the preceding history prepares for it, how all succeeding history dates from it. In order to develop this fact, the reader is taken back to central facts and principles, in other words to the foundations of history in the nature of God, and the nature of man; and the attempt is made to show that the history of the world, ancient and modern, can be understood only with reference to Christ. This is not assumed dogmatically, but evolved by an exposition of historical facts. * * * In the course of the investigation, Christianity is shown to be not only an historical reality, but a divine and supernatural power, by which all other realities and powers are explained and controlled. The theories of the sceptical rationalists, to account for Christianity on natural, local, or superficial grounds, are shown to be untenable. The natural or human factor, of course, is not desired; another, however, is added, namely, the supernatural or divine. In a word Christianity, in its interior relations and vital energies, is shown to be nothing less than the presence of God, through Jesus Christ, among men, enervating the hearts of individuals, and preparing the transformation of society. The author has endeavored to conduct the investigation in the freest and most liberal manner, holding himself aloof as much as possible from unproved preconceptions, and less anxious, therefore, to favor or deny orthodoxy, heterodoxy, or what Luther calls cacodoxy, than to establish the simple truth.

I have thus permitted the author to speak for himself relative to the scope of his work. I shall simply make a remark or two as to the manner in which he has acquitted himself of his task. Mr. Turnbull handles a bold and vigorous pen; his style is fluent, easy, graceful and even graphic at times. He is an exact logician and a profound thinker. While his work partakes much of the character of a philosophy of history concerning Jesus Christ, the purity of his thoughts and the popular simplicity of his style,—as transparent as the limpid stream,—brings it within the comprehension of all careful readers. It is an able work, a very able work, and no one can read it without having his faith in and love for Christ greatly strengthened. The author has digested all that history furnishes concerning Christ, and has here given, in a popular form, the results of his researches, which will be greeted by all careful thinkers with pleasure and gratitude. It will entitle its author to a prominent position among

the theological writers. It is beautifully printed. Price \$1.25.

The same publishers have recently issued the *Journal of Scientific Discovery*, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1860, edited by David A. Wells, A. M. This is one of the most important annuals published in this or any other country. The purpose of the book is to exhibit all the most important discoveries and improvements which were made during the year 1859. It has been published annually since 1850, and has become an indispensable volume. Every person who wishes to keep pace with modern improvements, should have it. It is illustrated by a steel engraving of Isaac Lea of Philadelphia. Get it. Price \$1.25.

Political News.

The Baltimore Convention.

The National Constitutional Union Convention, met in Baltimore on the 10th inst., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. Nearly every State of the Union was represented, and the greatest harmony and enthusiasm prevailed. Many patriotic addresses were delivered, the prevailing sentiment being the defence of the constitution, the union of the states, and the enforcement of the laws.

Ex-Gov. Hunt, of New York, was chosen President of the Convention. The first day's proceedings reached an organization.

SECOND DAY.

The first business was the report of the committee on business. Mr. Ingersoll, chairman, addressed the Convention as follows:

I take great pleasure in communicating the result of the proceedings of the Committee that was appointed yesterday upon what was called the business of the Convention. They met with entire cordiality; they proceeded with entire good feeling, and they terminated their proceedings with great unanimity, and I may say with patriotism. [Applause.] I would not venture to present as an example to all a great and highly respectable body like this the leading and courteous deportment of the gentlemen with whom I had the pleasure to sit as Chairmen last evening; but I would say that a more entirely respectable set of men—in manner, appearance, and in result—I never saw. [Applause.] You will find, gentlemen, that all those who are in favor of the name of this body, "Constitutional Union," will not be disappointed in what your Committee did last night. [Applause.]

THE PLATFORM.

Whereas, Experience has demonstrated that platforms adopted by the partisan Conventions of the country have had the effect to mislead and deceive the people, and at the same time to widen the political divisions of the country, by the creation and encouragement of geographical and sectional parties; therefore—

Resolved, That it is both the part of patriotism and of duty to recognize no political principles, other than—
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY,
THE UNION OF THE STATES, AND
THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

[Loud and prolonged cheering.]
and that, as the representatives of the Constitutional Union men of the country in National Convention assembled, we here pledge our selves to maintain, protect and defend, separately and unitedly, those great principles of public liberty and national safety, against all enemies, at home and abroad, believing that thereby peace may once more be restored to the country, the just rights of the people and of the States re-established, and the Government again placed in that condition of justice, fraternity and equality, which, under the example and constitution of our fathers, has solemnly bound every citizen of the United States to maintain—a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." [Prolonged cheers.]

The platform was unanimously adopted.

The first ballot was then taken as follows:

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee,	681
Mr. Houston, of Texas,	57
Mr. Everett, of Mass.,	25
Mr. Crittenden, of Ky.,	18
Mr. McLean, of Ohio,	22
Mr. Graham, of N. C.,	22
Mr. Sharkey, of Miss.,	6
Mr. Rives, of Va.,	13
Mr. Botts, of Va.,	4
Mr. Goggin, of Va.,	3

The second ballot resulted as follows:

Bell,	138
Houston,	69
Graham,	184
Everett,	94
Sharkey,	84
Botts,	64
Goggin,	2
Crittenden,	1
McLean,	1

The chair then put the question, making the nomination unanimous, and in response thereto, there was a universal "aye" from all parts of the Hall, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and cheer repeated after cheer.

Mr. Henry, of Tennessee, grand Son of Patrick Henry, returned the thanks of his State to the convention for the honor conferred upon her son, in an eloquent and patriotic address, worthy of his illustrious descent.

In the afternoon session, the nomination for the Vice Presidency came before the convention. Hon. Edward Everett, of Mass., was nominated by Mr. Switzer, of Missouri, and

on motion of Mr. Henry, of Tenn., it was made unanimous. A number of enthusiastic speeches followed, among them was one by the Hon. Mr. Hiliard, of Massachusetts, from which we beg permission to present an extract, for its expression of a hope of peace between the sections so long at strife:

Although there may be many in Massachusetts who go to extremes, there are a goodly number of conservative men who, for the last few years, have taken but little part in politics; and you must not therefore judge by mere casual impressions. You recollect possibly, Burke's story of the grasshoppers which were hopping about in the field where cattle were feeding. Now any one would be very much mistaken who supposed that because the grasshoppers make all the noise they were the only inhabitants of the field; and this is just the case in Massachusetts. We have a great many political grasshoppers, who make a great deal of noise, but any one would be much mistaken who supposed they were the sole inhabitants. No, sir, there is a reserved force in the State, which will be brought out by our candidates, and who want just such men.

I rejoice that in this instance, you have disregarded the miserable doctrine of availability and determined to appeal to principle and reason. Availability appeals only to the lowest passions of our nature. It is high time to submit to reason. Address the reason and common sense of the people, and as the ocean rises to meet the moon, so will the patriotic people rise up all over the land, and call you to heel. I know the feeling that is now thrilling through New England. Our proceedings here will be felt all over Massachusetts like the ocean breeze after a day of fatigue and toil. We of the North, will hail the intelligence of the prospect of peace and union with a thrill of joyous delight. All over the land the delegates to this convention will be hailed as messengers of peace, and as you go home you will be hailed with expressions of joy for your efforts in behalf of the Union. [Applause.] When we go back to New England over her hills and valleys just feeling the gentle rays of the spring time sun, what a feeling of joy will we find pervading the towns and cities, and penetrating even to the farmer in his quiet country home? Yes, we will see men who have not voted for years before, willing to come forth and enter into the campaign with enthusiasm.

How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring the glad tidings of peace, and may I not say, in speaking of the valleys and hills of New England, "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who reconcile sectional differences, and bring forth the North and the West, the South and the East and bind them in the bonds of peace."

But Mr. President, let bygones be bygones. Let us forgive and forget. The North and South have said hard things of each other, but let us have one long, fond embrace upon the altar of our common country, and as in the days of Washington, let Massachusetts and South Carolina stand together, let us go back and place our destinies upon the altar for our country's good. Let us have one Constitution, one Union, one country and a common destiny. [Enthusiastic applause.]

A member from Georgia moved that the next National Convention be held in that city which shall give the largest majority for John Bell and Edward Everett; which was adopted with applause.

The Convention then adjourned sine die.

MILLARD FILLMORE A BLACK REPUBLICAN.

The Chicago Press & Tribune says, "It is reported on what seems to be good authority, that ex-President Fillmore has signified his intention to support the nominee of the Chicago convention, whether it shall be Bates, Lincoln, Chase or Seward. It is even said that if Seward shall be nominated, Fillmore will stump Pennsylvania in his behalf." Upon this, the Buffalo Express [Fillmore's organ] remarks that while it has reason to suppose Mr. Fillmore will give his support to the nominee of the Chicago convention, he whom he may, it calls for a range of imagination too wide to believe that the ex-President will "take the stump" in favor of Seward.—New York Day-Book.

CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.

Gov. Ellis and Mr. Pool, candidates for Governor, will address the people at the following times and places:

Hallifax, Halifax County, Monday 21st May.
Franklin, Franklin, Wednesday 23d "
Oxford, Granville Co., Thursday 24th "
Roxborough, Person, Saturday 26th "
Graham, Alamance Co., Monday 28th "

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Free States will have one hundred and eighty-three votes, and the Southern States, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Virginia, forty-seven votes, and the embryo State of Kansas three votes at Chicago. The Wigwag, in which the Convention is to be held, will accommodate ten thousand persons. It was built for the Convention at a cost of \$3,000, by the Republicans of Chicago. The Convention opens this week.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Episcopal Convention of North Carolina was held in this place last week. The attendance was quite large. Among the ministry were men of eminent ability and learning. On Saturday evening the right of confirmation was administered by Bishop Atkinson to seven persons. On Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Skinner was ordained a priest.

The Convention adjourned on Monday morning. The next session is to be held in Newbern in May 1861.—Char. Dem.

Times' Correspondence.

Boston, May 8, 1860.

"Gentle Spring is coming, coming"—Our May-day celebration—A daguerrotype of our daily walk, telling what we don't talk about—The necessity of another arena than the Prize Ring.

Dear Times:—You are doubtless in the full bloom of a glorious spring, while we, in this hyperborean latitude, are just beginning to feel the first warm breathings of the breezes of the balmy South. We are all ready to welcome her; every tongue is hymning a greeting for her first appearance; every eye is keenly watching for the first infant bud; for be it known unto you, oh inhabitant of the South, that we have not yet seen a single green leaf, except those of the grass, evergreens or hot house plants, and it was only yesterday that we saw a solitary cherry tree in bloom. But spring will soon come now, all with a burst; she will make no loitering when she once sets her emerald bound foot in these bleak domains of Winter. Our citizens have not yet left off their overcoats and furs, though one at any time may see in the crowd of passers by, a number of young ladies, dressed in the newest spring fashion; the more sober-minded, however, regard these as "forcing the season."—Our first of May did come but it was unusually cold, dusty and windy, however the children and pleasure seekers generally appeared determined to enjoy the day "selon regle," notwithstanding wind and weather; several times during the day we were much startled by suddenly coming upon a merry troop of lasses, rigged out in the most approved May-day style, bare arms and necks, with wreaths on their heads, poor things it almost made us shudder to see how blue and cold they looked. We once knew a man, who when a boy had been in the habit of hunting rabbits in the snow on Christmas day and when he was grown up, snow or no snow, always insisted on having his accustomed sport on that day, but then he was regarded as an enthusiast and a striking exemplification of the power of habit.

We often wish it were in our power to present your readers a daily daguerrotype of the many busy scenes around us here, a living picture of the grand panorama hourly before our eyes; for one weak single pen, though, the task is impossible; it would require reams of paper every day, instead of a weekly sheet. But then every well-informed person ought to keep himself posted on all that is stirring in the great centres of business and commercial activity, the hearts of our political system, whence originate those pulsations which are felt to the remotest circumference and when instead of a regular and measured beat a twinge or a spasm takes place, the telegraph spreads the disastrous influence in every direction, with lightning speed. We would like to say a word to them about the many speeches of Mr. Everett, on the occasion of the launch of a beautiful ship bearing his honored name, another, about the Stearn Fire Engine and the Alarm Telegraph, spreading a net work of wire all over the city and communicating with perhaps a hundred different bells in as many steeples; the Fire King don't have any sort of a chance; before he can get air fifty bells are signaling his appearance and a big stream of water or may be half a dozen are drowning him. Then there are the horse railroads; the cars threatening the way through the city from early morn till midnight, jammed full every trip and carrying you miles and miles in the country for a trifle. Look at "State Street," just crowded with Banks, half a dozen in a building, side by side and one over the other, all overrunning with money and where they pay a poor fellow in \$1000 bills; why fifty or a hundred of them hardly make any show at all. There is Faneuil Hall too, we would like to have a ray about that and Franklin's statue and the large, clean markets well warmed, lighted and so cleanly swept, where one can buy anything you would like to eat and a great many you would not. But the difficulty is where to begin and where to end; so we will adopt the wisest course and say nothing about any of them.

Our papers are still reeking with the disgusting details of the late prize fight in England, and the public interest in every thing any way connected with it is still unabated; all day long at the news stalls, crowds are seen intently scanning the pictorial illustrations minutely depicting every phase of the fight and the other day the famous Morrissey, who beat Heenan some years ago, added fresh fuel to the flame, by his arrival from the field of combat. We are glad to know that in our State, we have higher and nobler employments; Heenan and Sayers do not reign supreme on every tongue. It does not speak well for the refinement of the two most refined nations of the world, that such a large portion of the mass in each should be so deeply excited by such an appeal to the basest portion of humanity. Can it be possible that all the avenues to manly contest are closed? that there is no other arena on which we can meet save that of the prize ring? Cannot some true man, conscious of the high destiny of the two nations, now open a new field of combat and give us an opportunity to bring our noblest feelings into a conflict, crowning the holiest aim, the highest fight of which our nature is capable, not with the blood stained champion's belt, but with the applause of men, in all ages and climes? Yours,

P. S. S.

Geo. V. Strong, Esq., of Goldsboro' has consented to deliver the Annual Literary Address before the students of Rev. Dr. Deems' School at Wilson, at the annual Commencement, on the 13th of June next.

TO THE LOVER.

BY CLARE.

How often I have exclaimed, "I am not beloved as I love!"—Miss London.

O it is not meant that earth should be
A home that our hearts should love too well.
It is the life without sympathy
Which makes the heart sad and the eye tell
There is a silent grief alone and hidden away
That gives a truth to those who are called gay.

O earth, so full of sorrow and care;
O strife and love of gain, why art thou?
O smiling human hearts art, too, here—
Hidden by seemingly careless brow,
Earth is too cold for intense spiritual love,
Given for pure and sacred things of above.

If thou must not spirit's fire bring
To us back thy heart's deep love here—
If hope's glittering chain be from thee wrong—
If joy's restless wings drop—never fear,
For the heart so highly strung is left on earth
To live for heaven—its higher, nobler birth.

TOUCH IT NOT.

Translated from the German of E. T. Wolff.

BY CLARE.

Where still a heart in love does glow,
O touch it, touch it not, forbear!
That spark from heaven do not destroy—
It would be cruel, then, to bear!

If there is in this universe
A thing that cannot be thought,
It is a young, a tender heart
That for the first time love has sought.

O grieve it not its dream of spring,
In which life's flowers ever last;
You know not what a promise
It keeps when this dream is passed.

Many a strong heart bowed and broke
Because they were from it its love;
And many a one has turned its way
In darkness and in hate to rove.

And many a one that bleeding closed,
In vain for help in anguish cried—
Then cast it in the dust of earth,
All that once this in it had hid.

Well may you weep then and may grieve,
But not the bitter tear of pain
Can win a faded rose to bloom,
Awake a deadened heart again.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PRIDE

OF

VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Minister's Triumph.

PHILIP, after his conversation with Mary, returned to Crow Cottage with a lighter heart, bearing under his narrow jacket. He carried his tools into the great barn, far more comfortable than the house, and placed them away with untroubled ease. Nor did he stop as was his custom to lounge and dream upon the fragrant hay, but slipped about on the seedy floor, falling more than once in his eagerness to hurry into the house.

"To be a minister!" he kept reiterating to himself, "a fine thing it will be."

Mat Crowell's kitchen was by no means the most delightful retreat in the world. There was no woman with quick, critical eye and neat hand to give it the air that makes the humblest home enticing. The great room was as much a museum for odds and ends and curiosities, as it was a dining and sleeping room for Mat and his nephew.

In one corner, the accumulation of years, in the shape of worn and wrinkled lattice of all colors and sizes, presented an imposing array of neglected soles. The floor was grained with dirt, that operation having been unconsciously performed by careless feet for the last six or seven years. A broken plough leaned against the wall upon which Mat was exercising his ingenuity. Above that, two uncouth and broken guns mournfully looking stooped like grim sentries, who, though discharged from the war, have not forgotten their ancient occupation. Stranger, if strangers ever came, were always expected to notice the old veterans, and Matthew would say, query or no query—

"Them there guns, sir, has killed more nor one bloody Injun—them there guns is been through the revolutionary war and fit for our independence."

Bags of grain, all ready for the mill (old Mat was a thrifty farmer) laid or leaned about in all directions. An old plume, black with dirt and time, nodded from one of the four posts of the old bedstead in a recess in the corner (the bed, he told to old Mat's credit was aired and shaken every day). Branching over that three formidable antlers hung, brown with age. A rusty sword was strapped over the door (Mat declared it had belonged to General Washington) a few dried squashes kept it company. Strings of onions and necklaces of red pepper, a rusty pair of scales, a paper bunch of herbs, a few broken chairs, a great sea chest, a black round table in front of the fire place some few cooking utensils—these formed the whole garniture of the miserable kitchen in Crow cottage.

Poor Philip! not a book—not a solitary shelf whereon was new-paper or old almanac snugly ensconced. Poor child! whence did thy longings for immortal food originate?—What was their aim?

Crow cottage, ancient and time honored, was heaped with broken and useless furniture. Thriftless in everything but farming, the old man, as soon as any article was damaged,

threw it to the moult. The rain in every storm poured in through many a crevice and over the uneven floors, so that there was a continual mildew issuing from the damp and rotten boards.

A dreary room was the upper chamber, its huge discolored beams interlaced over the ceiling, and queer corner-cupboards hanging loosely against them for support, in which some mementos of more or less value were stored away. A little hand spinning wheel stood in the centre, dust covered and forsaken. On a large nail hung a square of fine patchwork, its colors but dimly visible through diverse cobwebs filled with colonies of industrious spiders. These with a basket of discolored straw, and several stained, moth eaten books and broken play things had belonged to old Mat's once beautiful sister, who was, next to Vivian Gray, the belle of the village—the singing, light hearted black-eyed Siszy Crowell. Her name was Cicely—and her brother idolized her. She was the most charming warbler for miles around—ingenious, light hearted, and happy till sorrow made her its prey was the ill fate of mother of little Philip.

When she married against her brother's will, a head-one, reckless fellow, unworthy the name of man, much less the holy title of husband or father, everything, as the neighbors expressed it, "went to rack and ruin." Matthew Crowell then vowed a vow, that so long as he lived, his sister never should enter the old house again; never have his love or his forgiveness any more; and very nearly did he fulfill it.

It is no wonder that Crow Cottage was a bug-bear to the children of the village, or an "eye-sore" to the taste of the better classes, who declared that the old place should have been pulled down long ago. The plan of a new house had for years been in Mat's possession—the ground all out and sowed, but folks said they supposed the stony old soul was waiting till the rats pulled Crow Cottage about his ears to save him the expense.

Yet Philip was going towards the house. He had made up his mind, and though his heart beat and his cheeks were hot with high blood, yet did he not falter from his purpose.

A strange odor issued from the kitchen, and a by no means elegant table met his sight. His uncle, kneeling on the brick hearth, was frying a fish that he had caught that afternoon for supper.

A mess of salt on a shingle at his right hand—his left stood on a wooden dish ready to receive the savory mess. The firelight glowing intensely red through the kitchen, revealed the dingy little table meagrely set, and the puffs of smoke that now and then whiffed out of the chimney and sailed lazily on the warm air to the open window.

The old man's face was moist, and he often passed one hand across his dripping forehead, as he stood the frying pan with the other. He seemed to be in a pleasant reverie, for the occupation was not ungenial; as he often said in his more communicative moods, he believed he was a born cook, yet how little of real cooking could that poor creature know!

As Philip came in, he was required to light a candle, and then to turn the rising water bubbling up from the kettle upon the tea, so that with one thing and another, he was kept busy till they both sat down together. But the child could not wait; that eager thought, that contentment that involved the risk of a tremendous passion, and a great deal of uncertainty, also, so filled him that he wanted nothing—he loathed his food.

His uncle looked at him and bent his heavy black eyebrows together.

"How is it, youngster? appetite gone? What have you been eating that's made you dainty? Lay hold; eat some of the fish, or I'll eat it all myself."

Philip shook his head.

"What does this mean?" growled the old farmer. "Thunder and lightning! up from the table, sir, obstinate. If the fool I give you ain't good enough, you shan't have any. You've been up to aunt Gray's cupboard, I reckon, and you're dainty, eh? All I've got to say is, don't begin to play the gentleman too soon, my boy. If I see a spark—of—your—father—in ye!" he enunciated slowly. "I'll disown ye."

Truth to tell he was angry that the boy should grow so tall and delicate; he had been better pleased with coarse, brute strength. Poor Philip! all his self-possession vanished; a rankling wound was probed at mention of his father's name.

"It's because I ain't hungry," exclaimed the unfortunate child, stammering and bursting into tears.

"And what's made ye lose ye'r appetite, I ask agin? what's the matter of ye?" A little pity was mingled with the harsh tones.

"Because," said the boy, in a frightened voice, "I want to go to school and—be a minister."

Old Mat pushed back his plate. Then he struck the table with such violence that the dishes rung again. The wretched youngster looked askant through his tears as if he expected annihilation and was perfectly prepared for it.

"A minister!" sneered the old man, "a minister! what in the name of hail, thunder and lightning put that idle into your confounded brain? you little puppy. Why you can't turn over a toad stool in the road, but what you find a minister under it—humph! a minister!"

Resuming his knife and fork, he clattered them about his plate with angry gestures, still muttering furiously, while the heart broken boy, completely silenced, drew his cuffs rapidly

one after the other, across his eyes, and strove to keep his strong sobs pent up.

"Come, are ye going to eat, or not?"

The old man had finished his now unsavory repast.

"I—don't want—nothing!" sobbed the boy.

"Then up with ye. Have done sniffling and clear off the table!" and he stalked away, muttering "ministers! a graceless set—a parcel of fanatic humbugs. I'd drill 'em—I'd march 'em off—a pack of imposture—humph! blame it—I'd serve 'em pretty quick; it wouldn't take old Mat Crowell but a mighty short time to unclench that great gate—the biggest one in the infernal regions and poke 'em in head foremost. They'd stew, I reckon. Look here boy—are you a fool? are you a fool?" he asked with rebellious emphasis.

"I—I spose so," said the boy, trembling.

"Spose so—well I know so. Min! you boy, you're tied to your own business; grow up a respectable farmer and make a man—but if I hear you talking agin of being a minister, I won't be safe for that head of your'n any way—so mind. I've got you now, and I'll train you. Blame the professions. Your detestable father, who murdered the best girl that the sun ever shone on, by inches, was a lawyer—a nice young man with a green bag on his arm and no brains in his skull!"

No language can express the malignant sarcasm that cut through every word of this speech. Philip, really frightened, stopped sobbing and in his blindness—for the tears would come and blar his sight—he knocked several dishes from the table. The old man seemed not to notice this awkwardness, but lighted his pipe and after the free use of some expellive not very delicately indicative of his disgust for the professions and professional men, sat down by the open window. But not the full, glorious moon, brightening up all the beautiful meadow, and throwing a rim of sharp light like a crown of diamonds upon the emerald points of the forest-spruces piled towards the heavens, did the farmer see. His soul was filled with tobacco-smoke and his nephew's strange request.

There came a gentle tap at the door. The old man wondered who in the "blasted creation" that could be, and was so taken by surprise when Philip ushered in elder Robinson that he held his pipe bowl downward and sat staring at the minister without asking after his health.

"I'm glad to see you, neighbor," said the minister, in a brisk tone far different from his usual voice. By this time the old farmer had arisen and offered the old man his seat.

As for Philip, struck dumb with fear, he crawled into a corner, not certain but that his uncle who fostered such a hatred for the professions, would knock the elder down. But the good man had "a way" with him, as the saying goes, when he took the pains to make himself very agreeable, and in a few moments had so diverted the old farmer's mind by allusions to crops and haying, marketing and various other subjects connected with his husbandry, that Mat was entirely disarmed and appeared quite pleased with his visitor.

The evening wore away and the old man had talked to his heart's content—undisturbed his views about harvesting, explained the superior merits of a haying machine, then considered a great invention—and the boy in the corner might have dozed himself forgotten. But he was not. Every few moments the good minister cast a sidelong glance to satisfy himself that the eager eyes were still wide open and bright, peering out from the corner, and at last as if by accident his name was mentioned.

"Did I see your nephew when I entered?" he asked curiously.

"Yes, the boy is somewhere hereabouts—Philip, show yourself," and Philip came forward with a slow, doubtful step.

"I have been pained with his steady attention to his business," said the good man, "I should not wonder if he made a prime farmer, yet."

"Yes, yes; that's what I want," nodded his uncle. The child had got some queer notion in his head, but on the whole he thought it was a thing into him. If anybody can show him the kinks and wrinkles of farming, I think it's old Mat Crowell.

"We must do your uncle credit," continued the minister, taking Philip's slender hand which was icy cold from excessive excitement. "You must make a good scholar, too (here the farmer's brows went) and a capital farmer. An educated farmer, to my mind, comes nearest to God's nobleness; and what is there that a farmer might not learn? I suppose you read pretty well by this time, my son."

Philip blushed scarlet and shook his head.

"What! you go to school, my son, don't you? We have an excellent school here."

Still Philip shook his head. His heart was full to bursting—he did not weep again.

Father Crowell grew fidgety.

"I'll tell you what, parson?" he exclaimed, with his temper rising, "that boy is not going to have his head filled up with book learning now. Natural common sense (here he thanked the Lord if he's got that) is all he needs, and be blamed if it ain't all he shall have. It may be well enough for folks in your walk of life, but Mat Crowell never had it and he's got along pretty considerable well without it—about as good as some folks he knows or with a power more. Parson, I say it what'll stick to it; there ain't no good in eddication a farmer."

Gazing at the leathery but expanded brow of the old man, a very dome of intelligence, the minister could scarce forbear a sigh at the contemplation of unawakened power lying dormant, that might have made the old farmer a very giant in mind; that would have excited him

a lord among his fellows; revered, appealed to—pointed at as a model worthy the imitation of all classes in the community. A lover of education, a staunch advocate for the diffusion of universal knowledge, how might his hoarded gold have passed from hand to hand giving joy and gladness to the poor, not only for the bestowment of temporal mercies, but the greater blessings, the incalculable wealth of a rightly controlled and well furnished mind.

All this he thought—nor was he silent as he thought. In his most persuasive language he pointed out these advantages and after a hard battle of words so softened the old man's prejudices that he listened with some degree of calmness but he doggedly persisted in saying—

"Philip shan't go to school, no how. I've made up my mind to that—I've vowed to it and old Mat Crowell's not the man to break his word. I'll risk but the boy will be a decent boy enough without book learning."

Still the elder persisted. The gleamer the prospect the harder he fought, and at last the old man consented that Philip should go twice a week to the minister's own house, and at least learn to read and cast accounts.

How his heart beat, poor fellow! "If I can but get to read," he said again and again, "I'll learn everything."

Old Mat was uneasy after his visitor had gone. "He swarmed it over me with soft words, blame it," he muttered. "What 'n hell, 'n thunder did he want to come in here for, to-night?"

Philip hardly dared to breathe until he was snugly ensconced in his bed. There he dreamed of rapturous, delightful waking dreams, and in the morning remembered that in his sleep his mother had come to him, looking very sweet and radiant, and told him to persevere, for golden honors were awaiting him in the future.

CHAPTER X.

A sunny old maid.

Many was now thirteen—not quite as pretty as her childhood had promised, but far, far more beautiful. Her eyes of a lovely dark blue, still wore the pensive look of old—her complexion was clear and delicate, her hair abundant, glossy and curling. But the glory of her grandmother, had not lost that grand east of countenance that compelled the beholder to admire with respectful awe, and which would have been called most royal in a queen. She was an ambitious creature, full of wild projects, as always displaying some grand event in the future which was to make or mar her fortune, and in this she was passively encouraged by her smiling but haughty relative.

And Vivian Gray had not much altered. Her form would not bend to time, so he reigned himself by turning every lock to silver white. This did not deteriorate, but only changed the character of her stern beauty; for even in some old persons, that wonderful element shines conspicuous through all the assidings of sorrow, just as the heavy tower shows its mouldings through the defacing dust of the destroyer. She seldom went to the little chapel now, for she did not care to encounter the eye of elder Robinson after what had passed between them, though it is doubtful if she did not have many a struggle with pride and self. She was, however, quietly happy, as long as she had these two light-hearted beings to dance about her path, and make the ancient homestead sing again with their happy voices. Many a group gathered silently beneath the heavy oaks on the green, to listen of dewy summer evenings to their united voices. A pianoforte and harp had been sent from London, and the cousins were taught to perform upon both. Mary was the best singer. As her disposition was sunny and her heart tender, so was her voice, melodious, transparent. A warbling, belief voice, such as leaves the listener breathless with admiration, and sings again on the delicate harp of his ear long after it has floated into silence. Beatrice had not such exquisite finesse; her tones were low, full, but a little harsh; with careful training she might have made an effective artist. Mary was finished from the first, and scarcely needed a teacher save nature.

And where is Philip, the strange, earnest child whom everybody called handsome, although he was tall and wiry in frame, and his cheek had never gained one rose-tint from the beautiful genius of health. He was still with his uncle, old Mat, whose nervousness yet clung to him as a wet garment—still a farmer—in nothing but the name. The old man had gradually given way to him, and at last allowed him to follow the plough as his inclination prompted, though ever so slight an allusion to the professions brought on a burst of passionate invective.

Several hours during the day, the lad, now fifteen, sat with the minister in his study. A cozy place was that study. It seemed sunshiny even in the gloomiest days. Good taste was one of elder Robinson's happiest attributes, and he indulged it judiciously. His room, not very large, was located towards the south, and filled with dark yet not sombre looking furniture. On the floor, a bright crimson carpet, variegated with small white stars of so lively an expression that they looked always ready to spring up and whirl about in the maddest of dances, attracted the eye with its cheery pretences. Soft red curtains were bared from the tops of the windows, their fringes laid along the wide, deep embrasures below. A chintz covered sofa, suggestive of down, occupied a large space on one side of the room. This with its square pillows, tasseled-covered, was the place of quiet naps or the mood-meditative in which the good old pastor composed those long, thought-filled sermons.

The greatest treasure, however in the eyes

of young Philip amid all this comfort and convenience was the library. O! the dreamy pleasure of lifting his glances from that sober volume divinity-filled, to those untold riches under thick clasps and board covers, into whose labyrinths he had not yet turned the steps of his thought!

O! the intense satisfaction which no one knows but the eager student of laying by the choicest volume yet to commence tomorrow. O! the eager upspringing of the mind to embrace new and important truths, or the disposition to sit down quietly, and let imagination build her airy temples, and sculpture throngs of beautiful fancies, that like the graceful ideal livingly together, though each has its distinct individuality of form and feature.

All these the post-boy felt. He had nearly lost his earlier inclination to become a minister. Perhaps the prosy life of the good pastor in his contracted sphere disposed him to its distaste. With regard to his future career the minister himself said nothing, but thought—"there is time enough yet." For his heart had become entwined with that of the boy—he had found something to love. The wide-opening eyes that had gathered soul from day to day, under the droppings of his intellectual sanctuary, had become necessary to his happiness, and as certainly as Philip did not come round to his lessons, the good man would take his cane and jog on toward Crow Cottage. There his pupil had fitted up with great labor and no little ingenuity the best upper room in the crazy habitation, arranged and mended the broken furniture (it had belonged to his mother, once) reformed the shaking windows, brought down the poor, neglected little spinning wheel, and the almost holy relics that had been hallowed by her touch. So there he would sit and imagine the presence of his mother was about him, and there on that battered old chest and within laid scraps of paper covered with burning thoughts.

His uncle knew nothing of this proclivity to literature and cared less. That the boy was going to the devil, he often said, and tried to think—but the innocence and truth in his face, his gentle manners, and the thousand little things he continued for his comfort, insensibly drew his heart towards his sister's child, and though he had seen him going directly in the bye and forbidden paths, he would not have cared the less for his temporal welfare, for he considered the promise made to his dying sister, rough model as he was, as sacred as the word of the Lord. The elder had gradually acquired great influence over him. The manners of the coarse old man were improved by his pastoral visits, and a new air of neatness reigned all through the habitable part of Crow Cottage.

And now came an ancient cousin on the premises. Having been thrown into poverty by the stopping of a pension, Miss Dimple Crowell applied to old Mat for relief, and he had offered her a home in his delectable habitation and even urged her to its acceptance.

So the easy, tidy, good-natured, forever laughing Dimple, came to set up a little household in her own private account in the forsaken old mansion.

Great was the holy honor, high the uplifting of hands, valuable the tongue, clapping its savage speeches short in the middle with a little happy laugh, that, like a favorite child, would make itself heard on all occasions. I say great was the adjustment, take it all in all, of Dimple, at the condition of the general accommodation and sleeping room of old farmer Mat, her worthy cousin.

A dubious sort of praise, the ancient relative endured (in his absence) and many a day after, did the smart little woman revel in soap-suds and beams, for in her own most expressive language, "she could swallow everything but dirt, and that she wouldn't swallow if she was the king's wife."

Philip remembered this furious, cleaning week a long while afterward, for Dimple kept him from his books, bringing water from the well, carrying old, dusty packages, and lifting heavy furniture, till every bone in his body cried out for a reprieve. But much as it fatigued him, he would have worked till doom's day for her. The sight of her cheery, round face, and the happy tones of her voice, above all the pleasant, motherly sort of way in which she blessed him, made him love her quite devotedly, at first sight. The house had now lost all its gloom to him; the kitchen grew marvelously beautiful, and he could look from the window at the calm, levelness of the landscape without, and not feel every delicate fancy jarred into pain by the discord of dirt and confusion.

When old Mat came home the first evening from a city jaunt, where he had been selling produce, he stood bolt upright upon the threshold. A paralysis of astonishment seemed to have seized him and tongue. The kitchen was no longer Crow kitchen—that was apparent enough, but Dimple's kitchen. The great, high chest was no longer a chest, but converted into a table and covered with a nice fragment of Tuen cloth. The broken chairs, where were they? gone, forever gone; and the old hair-cloth sofa of father room memory, dexterously managed, so that its defects might be hidden, stood up by the fireplace. The squares and circles and other geometrical lines that had ornamented the parti-colored boards, had yielded to the long forgotten science of the scrubbing brush, and something of their original color seemed to look that benignant blessing—"for this and all other mercies let us give thanks."

Dimple, herself, was just rising from the shining red hearth, which by the way she had ornamented with a grotesque rug, made out of

Medical.

Real, "old John Brown's" Kansas Secretary of State is now in Ohio, and has joined the Shakers.

COMMON SCHOOLS — Guilford Co

Dis. No. **COMMITTEE MEMS FOR 1899:**

1. Jno. Christian, Jno. Hooper, Isaac Jefferts,
2. Jno. R. Kermode, Lewis Appie, W. P. Heath,
3. S. Summers, Wm. Cobb, Jno. Wharton,
4. Joshua Clapp, A. H. Smith, C. H. Lee,
5. Alfred Grosven, Jno. C. Clapp, Riley Brown,
6. A. M. Ennis, U. S. Johnson, Henry Kibbey,
7. Jacob M. Crowder, Wm. Harrell, Jno. Stanberry,
8. J. C. Grant, Ezekiel H. Smith, Beane Pickle,
9. F. Rankin, P. Deany, James McLean,
10. J. A. Pritchett, W. M. Young, T. C. Gann,
11. Wm. N. Rankin, J. W. Gilmer, R. P. Shaw,
12. Wm. Garrett, J. W. Smith, J. W. Hanner,
13. J. W. Parker, S. C. Bayll, B. C. Chilton,
14. David Wierick, S. Wyrick, J. Gilchrist.

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERS
 LY informs the Ladies of Green-boro and vicinity
 that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods
MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT,
 in his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farm-
 er's Bank, two doors above his store, and one above Post
 & Gerrell's. Our stock consists of the newest and latest
 styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crape, lace, straw, hair, chi-
 briel, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bo-

Flats, Shaker Hooks, Head-dresses, Ribbons, Larch Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. Moore, a lady of much experience and great taste, also having made arrangements with a Respectable Milliner in New York to supply Bunches during the season, we hope to please every one of the most fastidious. Mrs. Moore will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mh24

B R O G A N S.

Best double sole Brogans.....	\$1 50
Good double sole Brogans.....	1 25
Good single Brogans.....	1 00

For sale at 41-tf J. F. BOONE'S

HOOB SKIRTS.—Hoop Skirts, of the best material, from 15c. upwards.
april 4-11
LANDRICK & KLINE.

one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing
believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce
number of certificates from some of the first men in the
and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine
sent by mail.

I am now in possession of a plain and simple art, by
which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering are
cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well
to write him and describe their case.

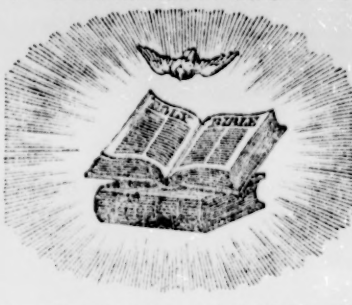
Address, **WM. E. EDWARDS,**
Greensboro, A. C.

Chronic Diarrhea,
Chronic Diarrhea,
Chronic Diarrhea,
Chronic Diarrhea,
Chronic Diarrhea,
Giddiness,

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL

PORTER & CORREL.

Children's Department.



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.
Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by any thing you say?

Little children, love each other;
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

MARY ELLEN.

Mary Ellen was a bright eyed, rosy faced girl of nine years old. Every day she might be seen going, with her bag and slate, to the village school. She always looked very happy and contented. In the morning she thought of her teachers; and in the evening, when school was over, she was just as eager to get back to her mother. Mary Ellen was a very endearing, affectionate child, and showed great love for her parents, her brothers, and sisters; and she proved her love by her ready obedience. At school she was very attentive, especially in the Bible-class.

This was manifested by the answers which she gave. Her teacher used to speak of her as "the little girl with the dark, earnest eyes." She seldom had a fault to find with her; never, except with a gentle "Don't do that, Mary Ellen." From a baby, her mother taught her to pray morning and evening; and it was evident that the child thought of what she said, and expected that God would hear and bless her.

She had set off, one morning, to school, and had nearly reached the place, when in crossing the road, some rude boys pushed her roughly, and she fell. Before she could rise, a heavy dust-storm went over her leg, and she almost fainted from pain. She was carried to a hospital, and then a sad message was sent to her parents. They soon came to their suffering child, and when she saw her poor mother crying, she said:

"Do not fret, mother dear. I will try to be patient."
The doctor did all he could, but he could not cure her; and at last he was obliged to tell her parents that she feared she must die.

When told that she was going to die, she said:
"Am I? Then I shall see my dear baby-brother again."

When her teacher came to see her, and inquired how she was, she replied:
"Very ill; but I am going to Jesus."

"How do you know that you are going, my dear?"
"Because," she replied, "Jesus has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me; and I will come to them.'"

"Can you pray, my child, now you are so ill?"
"Yes, teacher, I can in my heart, but I cannot kneel down now. Jesus hears, you know. When I go to heaven, I shall see him."

She then commenced singing, in a sweet, clear voice:
"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory, glory!"

Seeing those about her in tears, she said to them:
"You should not fret because I am so happy. Will you all come to me in heaven? I am just going to Jesus, dear mother. I know that I am going, and Jesus loves me."

So dear Mary Ellen died; and now she sings above the sky, sweeter than she sang on earth "Glory, glory, glory!" Other little children may be like her if they only do as she did—pray earnestly to the Saviour to give them also a new heart and a right spirit. He will hear and he will save them, just as he saved Mary Ellen. Come then dear children, at once, and behold the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

NO PARADISE ON EARTH.

Ah, believer, it is only heaven that is above all winds, storms, and tempests; God did not cast man out of Paradise that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and you must part or Christ and you will never meet. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Little by little the bird makes his nest.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, and in the minds of men; and which, if collected together, and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the mass of science, the professional artist, the merchant, and the farmer.

Tobacco.

It is very desirable now, as soon as the corn is planted, to get rid of the past year's crop. Keep the field thoroughly clean, not allowing the grass any foothold—dress them well with compost or guano after each picking. This inexperienced planter should be reminded of the paramount importance of the most careful attention to the Tobacco beds. A failure to secure an ample supply of plants in due time may involve the entire failure of a crop.

While smaller plants may be set out this month than later in the season, there is little gained by beginning to draw the beds early unless where they are crowded. The chances are ten to one in favour of a large plant with good roots, over a small one with small roots. It is not only more certain to grow, but has greatly the advantage in time. Care should be used in planting together plants of about equal size. The indiscriminate mixture of large and small plants in the same ground is very bad practice.

The whole Tobacco ground having had, it is presumed, a good ploughing in the early spring, as soon as corn is planted the final preparation for planting should be made by a ploughing not deep enough to disturb the inverted soil. With this ploughing whatever manure is to be used may be applied. It would not be amiss, however, to postpone the application of fertilizers (except such domestic manures as have not been thoroughly composted) until the ground is about to be laid off for planting.

—American Farmer.

Greenhouse.

In the early part of the present month, all the winter blooming Greenhouse plants should be turned out of doors, and some of the more hardy out of the pots. It is best when this plan is adopted, to prepare beds for the purpose in shady situation; mark off a bed four feet wide, and as long as necessary, to accommodate the number of plants you may wish to bed out; the soil cannot be too rich, provided leaf or vegetable manure be used. Greenhouse plants are not half the trouble when managed the right way during the summer months, and make much finer plants for winter display; they should be repotted the early part of September and moved in the house before the approach of frost. If grape vines are trained up the rafters of the Greenhouse, encourage them to grow vigorously after the plants are taken up. Syringe morning and night, just after sunrise and before sunset; use water 10° higher than the temperature of the house, if it can be had. In the present state of growth, keep the temperature ranging from 75° to 80°, though there is no harm in a higher degree of heat, provided there is plenty of air admitted and a good ventilation throughout the house. Stop the young growth two to three joints above the bunch, according to the strength of the wood; so soon as the blooms on the bunch expand, discontinue syringing but keep a moist atmosphere by dampening the pathways and borders—when the fruit is set syringe again as before.—N. C. Planter.

Potatoes.

It is the common custom—and generally advised in the papers—to plant Potatoes of the main crop this month. We prefer planting as late as the middle of June, for reasons we have repeatedly given. A good soil turned over is best for Potatoes and if it has been manured on the surface last fall it were much better than manuring now. It is useless, however, to expect a large crop, except on land of very high quality, without an abundance of manure at one time or another, and no crop pays better for an expenditure on this account. Let these be on hand in advance of the time for using them.

Root crops.

Whatever root crops you may intend to cultivate, should be planted this month the sooner the better, with the exception of Turnips.—The Ruta Baga from the middle of July to 1st of August and the white Turnip later. All root crops are heavy feeders, and must have food accordingly.

To preserve strawberries.

They should be ripe but not too soft. Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar and sprinkle one half of the sugar among the fruit and allow it to stand ten hours. Make a syrup of the remainder of the sugar and a pint of water or red currant juice to every three pounds of sugar, and summer the fruit in it for half an hour. Add another quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and bottle, seal, and bury, or put in sealed cans, they will retain their fine flavor for years.

Pelagium.

Shade those in bloom and keep them well supplied with water; by this means they will remain in bloom a long time.

Fuchsias.

Encourage these to grow rapidly, if in pots, by feeding them with weak liquid manure once per week; when it is ascertained the roots have reached to the sides of the pot they should be shifted to a size larger pot.

Camelias.

A shady situation, sprinkled overhead frequently, and swept well.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a bushy wood, Judgment, the one gives the greatest benefit, the other yields the greatest heat; and both making the best fire.

Cutting it short.

One day Osra Edlin ascended the pulpit of the mosque and thus addressed the congregation:

"Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?"

"No," responded the congregation.

"Well," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit.

He went to preach the second time, and asked of the congregation:

"Oh true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?"

"We know," replied the audience.

"Ah, as you know it," he said, "quitting the pulpit, why should I take the trouble of telling you?"

When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers, and when he asked his usual question replied—

"Some of us know and some of us do not know."

"Very well," he said, "let those who know tell those who do not know."

Hayden Proverbs.

A snake that wishes to live should not walk on the highway.

If you don't want flies do not play with dogs.

It's the master of the house who knows how many mosquitoes there are in the cabinet.

The crab boasts that he is naked.

Don't put the cat to watch the land.

Flies are caught with syrup, and not with vinegar.

Good soup may be made in an old saucepan.

A little hatchet will fill a great wood.

Be in a hurry—don't make the day-light come.

Before you speak, turn your tongue over seven times.

Walk fast, you'll get there to-morrow; walk slow you'll get there to-day.

The day the leaf dies is not the day it rots.

A little dog may have courage before his master's door.

Reproach is heavier than a barrel of salt.

A pig that has two owners is sure to die of hunger.

The bird may forget; the trap, never.

Take care! your tongue is longer than your arm.

The good God tells you to shear the sheep, but not to scratch the skin.

Having done not hinder lacking.

A good horse never finds its way to the mouth of a bad dog.

Very bad is not death.

Pardon does not heal the wound.

A promise is a debt.

Credit never paid for its own head.

Four eyes are better than two.

NOT ALL DESOLATE.

Moss will grow upon the grave-stone, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile, the mistletoe will spring from the dying branch and God be praised! something green something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart.

A country editor says he has received the following: "Stop my paper." "Dear Sir: I looked carefully over your paper for six months for the death of some individual that I was acquainted with, but as yet, not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off; you will please have my name erased."

They have no old maids in Japan; when the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband, and make them marry willing or not willing. The Japanese know a thing or two, if they have been waited in for centuries.

Footie being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one scrapper at the door was sufficient.

He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and keeps his mouth shut while at work, is the man for us.

A radical politician perceiving two crows flying side by side, said "Ah, that is just as it ought to be, I hate to see one crow over another."

Men become wiser in almost all respects after forty, except in those love affairs in which they are themselves concerned.

A certain Irish attorney says: "No printer should ever publish a death unless apprised of the fact by the party deceased."

In Indiana a couple can get a Judge to break the matrimonial ties and turn right round and get a Justice of peace to repair them.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all the flowers, yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS.
218 N. 1st St., Greensboro, N. C.

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Law, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend to the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

GEORGE W. COTHMAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
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GEORGE T. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
A City, Missouri, will attend to the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
High Point, N. C. will attend to the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

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THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.
FAMOUS, is one of the deepest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 100 pages in neat style, with numerous illustrations, and is one of the best of its kind in the country.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.
The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1890. It will be published monthly, at one dollar per year.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN, SUFFOLK, VA.
Published every Friday, at \$1.50 per annum in advance. The Sun is devoted to Religion, Morality, Temperance, Education and News, and is the organ of the Christian Church in the South. As a religious and family paper it takes high ground, and is free from party and sectarian bias.

FOR THE YEAR 1890.—
THE TIMES.
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THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
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